The French bishops, I hear, mean to resist the despotic order of the Pope, which forces them to betray their flocks, renounce their allegiance and empower Bonaparte to fill their sees with all sorts of *mauvais sujets*, without assigning any motive, or in any shape benefiting religion. They may add, "and without holding out the least temporal advantage to them," for their places are already filled, no pension promised, much less secured. There—there's the rub! I do not know who is in the right—non nostrum est inter tantos.

I met General Moore for the first time yesterday. He avoided all mention of his departed friends—but I interpreted his looks. Pelham is everything that is kind and friendly. *I* love him as my incomparable son did. He has an excellent heart and a good head.

I have seen in the *Morning Herald* a flaming advertisement of Axwell Park to be let. What would old Sir Thomas say, were he to pop his red face out of Wickham churchyard.? Ignorance of what passes on this mole-hill, or at least a total indifference about it, seems necessary to our quiet

in the next world. Indeed, as these things can only affect our senses and passions, which depend, in part, at least, on our material organs, there can be little doubt of the apathy of the *trepasses**